



CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

No. 6.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1844.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THAULERUS,

A PREACHER IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THAULERUS was born in 1294; and soon after the elevation of John the XXII. to the papacy, he entered the order of St. Dominic. He travelled into France, and was raised to the rank of Doctor in the University of Cologne. His natural and acquired endowments soon made him noticed in the schools. His zeal, and the commands of his superiors, engaged him in the apostolic ministry. The cities of Strasburgh and Cologne were the first scenes of his labours; and his reputation spread from them over all Germany and the adjacent territories.

Thaulerus was most assiduous in the discharge of his functions; incessantly employed in teaching the truths of religion, in exhorting sinners to repentance, and advancing the good in virtue. The time which was not thus employed, he gave to prayer, or the study of the scriptures. Whenever he preached, the Churches were crowded with hearers; persons of the highest rank, of the greatest reputation for talent, of the most distinguished piety, placed themselves under his direction.

"But," says the writer of his life, "Thaulerus was, all this time, very different in the eye of God, from what he appeared to the public and himself. A subtle pride, of which he himself was scarcely sensible, corrupted all his actions, and was leading him to ruin; but it pleased the Almighty to snatch him from the precipice." He was then in his fiftieth year.

At this time, continues our author, a poor layman, destitute of secular learning, but deeply versed in the science of the saints, dwelt in Germany, at a distance of about 50 miles from Cologne; it pleased the Almighty to make him the instrument of his merciful designs on Thaulerus. God revealed to this layman his intentions in respect to Thaulerus, and ordered him to repair immediately to Cologne, and there to conduct himself in the commission entrusted to him, as the Holy Spirit should suggest. He disclosed to him the real state of Thaulerus's interior; his good qualities, his defects, and what was wanting to make him a perfect follower of Christ.

Without delay, the layman repaired to Cologne. He attended at a sermon preached by Thaulerus; and, when it was finished, he presented himself before Thaulerus, and requested him to be his spiritual director while he should stay in that city: Thaulerus assented to his request; and the layman spent three months in prayer and penance under his direction.

At the end of them, he besought Thaulerus to preach a sermon on the best means of attaining the height of spiritual perfection. "Why," said Thaulerus, "do you make this request to me? What will you understand of a discourse which necessarily must be sublime?" The layman humbly replied, "That, though he might not be capable of understanding such sublime speculations, he might nevertheless be moved by them to desire, with humility, the perfection which they inculcated: and, perhaps," he said, "there may be among the audience some one to whom such a discourse may be essentially useful." After much entreaty, Thaulerus consented to preach the sermon requested of him. He preached it a few days after; the audience were charmed, and the preacher and his eloquence were the discourse of the day.

On the following morning the layman waited on Thaulerus; repeated to him, word for word, the whole of his sermon, and then humbly requested his leave to comment particularly upon it. To this Thaulerus consented; and the layman then pointed out to him those passages in it, where purity of heart, detachment from creatures, and real humility, were most inculcated. He then opened to Thaulerus the inmost recesses of his heart, and made him sensible how much he fell short of the doctrine which he had inculcated; and concluded by telling him, that he was little better than a Pharisee.

Up to that word, Thaulerus heard the layman with patience; but it then failed him, and he began to justify himself with some warmth. The layman would not allow him to proceed: "I call him a Pharisee," he said, "who, being full of himself, or too sensible of the esteem of men, seeks in his actions, however otherwise good and holy, his own glory, and not the glory of God. Consider, if you are not of this number. With what dispositions did you begin your studies? With what self-complaisance do you contemplate your progress in them? What satisfaction have you in thinking of your dignity of Doctor? Of the gifts with which heaven has favoured you? Instead of referring them to the glory of God, who should have all your love, and all your trust, you regard yourself too much: and thus, with all your knowledge, you are really ignorant; and, with all your labours, sermons, and writings, you do little good. Your doctrine is heavenly; the word of God is often on your lips; but in consequence of your want of humility, you yourself do not relish the truths which you teach, and they produce little effect on your hearers. The pure of heart, those who seek God

only are shocked by your sermons, which contain many good things, but abound too much with yourself." Here the holy layman paused.

For some time Thaulerus was silent: he was confounded with the clear view, which, for the first time, he had of his vanity and defects: but it was the moment of grace. "I acknowledge," he said to his instructor, "the truth of all you say. The Holy Spirit speaks by you to me. You read into my heart; God only can enable you to do it. I was a stranger to my heart; complete what you have so well begun; you are my guide, my teacher, my master."

Satisfied with his good dispositions, the layman put into the hands of Thaulerus a writing, containing the true principles of a spiritual life, and desired him to reflect seriously on it, and give himself up for a few days to retirement and devotion. Thaulerus obeyed; and, during his retreat, the layman frequently called on him, explained to him the science of the saints, and watched his progress in it. He inculcated to him the necessity of humility, of mortification, of self-renunciation, and of living for God alone. When he found that Thaulerus was thoroughly initiated in these holy doctrines, the layman informed him, that the will of God called him elsewhere, and that he should be absent from him during two years. "During that time," said the layman, "you must abstain from preaching, from teaching, from hearing confessions, from direction of souls, and all other public functions. You must faithfully practise the ordinary duties of the community; and when you are not employed in them, you must remain in your cell; abstain from the pursuit of profane science, and, in solitude and silence, incessantly bewail your sins at the foot of the cross. You will suffer much, both in mind and body; but you will not be wholly without divine consolation. Above all things, trust in God. You will learn at length to renounce yourself, to take up his cross and follow him."

Thaulerus obeyed these lessons most punctually. The brilliant, the eloquent, (we had almost said), the edifying Thaulerus, was no longer seen; in his stead came a Monk, regular at the prayers and other duties of the community, employed in its meanest offices, and, at all other times, shut up in his cell. The change struck every one, it became the general talk of Cologne, and it was finally concluded, that from some cause or other, probably from too great application to study, Thaulerus had deranged his intellects: his great learning, it was said, had brought him to an early childhood. Thus he became a subject of great contempt; and, all this time, he was afflicted with frequent and painful illnesses, and interior trials of the severest kind.

He persevered, however, under the trial. At last, on the 25th January, the feast of the conversion of St. Paul, in the year 1348, which was exactly two years after the layman had quitted him, he suddenly felt sentiments of compunction and devotion, of hatred of sin, and of the love of God, which till then he had never known. A ray of light seemed to burst on him; it filled him with unspeakable gladness; the sacred science of the cross was infused into him, and

all the knowledge, which had once been a subject to him of so much pride, appeared to him contemptible.

The layman then called on him: he congratulated Thaulerus on his reformation, and assured him it was nearly complete: but he enjoined him to watch carefully over himself. "It is the will of God," he told him, "that you should again preach to the faithful: you will again be the subject of admiration; again be courted and followed: but take heed; the world's contempt of you was serviceable to you; be on your guard against a return of its favour."

Three days after this interview, Thaulerus again ascended the pulpit: it was known that he was to preach, and he had a splendid and crowded audience. Just as he was entering on his discourse, a sentiment of sorrow for his sins rushed on him, and chained all his faculties. He wept bitterly, but could not articulate a syllable. The audience wondered, and after some time went away, some of them shocked, and others laughing at the strangeness of the scene. Thaulerus received this new humiliation with joy; offered in silence his thanks for it to God; blessed him for all his mercies, and resigned himself in heavenly peace to his holy will.

With these sentiments he returned to his cell. He found the layman there: "This last humiliation," he said to Thaulerus, "was wanting to complete the work of God, and to fit you for his holy designs. You have cheerfully sacrificed your reputation to him; he has accepted the sacrifice. Remain in solitude and dedicate yourself to prayer for five days. At the end of them, his Holy Spirit will descend upon you, and you will then be properly qualified for preaching his sacred word, and he will bless your endeavours." The layman then took his leave of him.

At the end of five days, Thaulerus resumed the functions of his ministry; and from that time practised all he taught. Assiduous in the discharge of his duties, he spared no fatigue in them; and all the time which he did not employ on them he gave to prayer, or to the composition of works for the instruction of the faithful. His sermons and writings were equally admired; but they no longer produced barren admiration. Numbers were reclaimed by him from sin; and numbers advanced, under his guidance, to evangelical perfection. He was equally sought for by the learned and the ignorant; the greatest persons of the times consulted him; he was the advocate of the poor, the friend of the comfortless; and, long after he ceased to live, his memory was in general benediction.

A short time before he died, he wished to see, once more, the layman, to whom he owed his conversion. When he saw him, he put his hands on an account which he had written of the particulars of it, and expressed to the layman his wish that he would make it public, "for the instruction of those, who, (as once had been his case), might flatter themselves, from the éclat of their spiritual exertions, with an opinion of their own perfection, while, in fact, they are barren of good in the eye of the Almighty." The layman published it immediately after the decease of Thaulerus; and we have extracted, from the account given of it by Tournon, what is contained in the preceding pages.

THE CROSS.

"If I must needs glory, I will glory in the cross of Christ."—SAINT PAUL.

THE cross—the cross!—on Calvary's height,

It lifts its brow, serene and calm,
Adorn'd with beams of heavenly light,
And redolent with holy balm:
And from its blessed foot, still roll
Rich streams, to heal the sin-sick soul.

The cross—the cross—around its head

Four thousand years their glories bring,
They gather where the Saviour bled—
Where suffer'd Heaven's immortal King!
The bleeding cross—there incense rose,
There the Redeemer bless'd his foes!

The cross—the cross—which Prophets saw,

Through distant Time's dark clouds appear—
To hush the thunders of the law—
With gladness earth and heaven to cheer,
Good tidings ran along the skies—
"The Saviour for lost sinners dies!"

The cross—the cross—God's awful might

Awoke upon its burning brow,
And shook the realms of death and night,
And laid their trophied honours low.
Hail, glorious cross—victorious sign!
All conquering power—all glory thine!

THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND LUTHER.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

PEOPLE generally are taught to believe, that before Luther appeared, the state of morals, more particularly in Germany, was exceedingly low; and we have no doubt, indeed, that a reformation was wanted, since many good men were expressing wishes at the time, that a council should be held to restore many things to order—wishes realized soon after by the great Council of Trent. But the following passage from the writings of Luther himself, would show that things were better before his time, than when he attained the meridian of his glory:

"When I was young, I remember that the great majority, even among the rich, used water exclusively for their drink, and ate such common food as was easy of digestion. Some scarcely began to drink wine even in their thirtieth year of life: now-a-days children are taught to drink wine, and not the common or weak kind, but strong and foreign wines—yea, even distilled liquors." "Every country must have its own devil—our Dutch devil is, I suppose, a good wine-bibber, and must be called drunkard."—*Explan. of 101st Ps.* "Here we ought to speak a word of warning against drunkenness and debauchery; but where could we find language strong enough to depict or to decry the destructive swinish life, and *Sauf Teufel* (the drunken devil) has taken the upper hand amongst us."—*Kirchere Postille.*

But our chief purpose is to supply the Temperance Society a familiar epistle, written by Luther himself, and of which we would give the original Latin, if we thought it would be of any use. We give, however, the reference, which any learned man may authenticate. The popular opinion among the phrenologists of Germany is, that at certain times, and on certain subjects, Luther was decidedly *insane*. Surely this is the best way to account for the following authentic letter, which he wrote to his friend Dr. Weller.

Letter 12 of Luther to D. Jerome Weller.—Leipsic Edition, 1702.

"My dearest Jerome, you ought to be convinced that the temptation, about which you write to me, is from the devil, and that he tries you thus purely because you believe in Christ. For you see what security and joy he leaves the most violent enemies of the gospel, for instance, Eccius and Zuinglius; but we, who are Christians, must all of us have the devil for our adversary and enemy, as Peter says, 'Your adversary, the devil, goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour,' &c. Most excellent Jerome, you ought to rejoice in this temptation of the devil, because it is a certain sign that God is propitious and merciful to you. But, you will say, This temptation is too severe for me to be able to endure, and you fear lest it should so dishearten and overpower you, that you may fall into despair and blasphemy. I am aware of this trick of the devil; if he cannot overcome a person by the first onset of a temptation, he endeavours, by persevering efforts, to weary him and exhaust his strength; so that he may yield at last, and own himself vanquished. As often, therefore, as that temptation shall assail you, beware not to begin any dispute with the devil, or indulge these deadly thoughts; for this is equivalent to believing the devil, and yielding the victory to him. But you will take care to treat with the strongest contempt those thoughts which the devil inspires. In temptations and conflicts of this kind, contempt is the best and easiest means of conquering the devil; and be sure you laugh at your adversary, and look for some one with whom you may have a chat. By all means avoid solitude, for it is then that he catches and ensnares you when you are alone. This kind of devil is overcome by sport, mockery, and contempt, and not by resistance and dispute. You will, therefore, jest and amuse yourself with my wife and others, so as to give the slip to those devilish thoughts; and strive, my dear Jerome, to be of good heart. This temptation is more necessary to you than your meat and drink. I'll tell you what happened me when I was about your present age: When I entered the monastery, I grew melancholy, and was always sad and dejected, nor could I get rid of this sadness; wherefore, I took advice, and confessed myself to D. Staupiz, a man whom I mention with pleasure. I disclosed to him the horrid and terrible thoughts with which I was troubled. 'You know not, Martin,' he replied, 'how useful and necessary this trial is to you. It is not without reason that God so proves you: you will see that he will employ you for the accomplishment of great and important designs.' And the prediction was verified. For I have become (why should I not be allowed to boast this much of myself) I have become a great Doctor, which I could not have believed at the time I was suffering that temptation. This will undoubtedly be the case with you also. You will be a great man: you will see it hereafter; but in the mean time take courage and be persuaded that predictions of this kind, especially when they fall from the lips of such learned and great men, are in some degree oracular and truly prophetic. I remember once a certain man, whom I was consoling for the loss of his son, turned to me and said, 'My word for it, Martin, you will be a great man.' I have very often called to mind this prediction; for there is, as I have said, something prophetic and oracular in such expressions; keep up your spirits, therefore; be courageous, and banish altogether those most unpleasant thoughts; and as often as the devil shall assail you with such reflections, have recourse at once to social conversation, or DRINK FREELY, jest, trifle, or do something else to make yourself merry. It is necessary sometimes to DRINK FREELY, to trifle, and make merry, and thus commit some sin out of hatred and contempt for the devil, so as to leave him no chance of troubling our consciences about trifles; otherwise we are conquered, if we are too anxious and solicitous not to sin at all. If, then, the devil should ever say to you, 'Don't drink,' do you answer him, 'I WILL DRINK, for this very reason, that you forbade me, and I WILL DRINK THE MORE on that account.' Thus we must always do the contrary of what Satan opposes. For what other reason can you think that I drink at such a rate the purest and the best, that I am so free spoken, and indulge so often in the excess of the table, unless to mock and vex the devil, who had prepared to vex and mock me. Would to Heaven that I could at this moment designate some glaring sin wherewith to mock the devil, and let him know that I acknowledge no sin, and am conscious of none. We, I repeat it, whom the devil thus assails and harasses, must altogether lose sight of and forget the whole DECALOGUE. But if ever the devil should reproach us with our sins, and prove us so guilty as to deserve death and hell;—but what next? Why, then you will be damned for ever.—No such thing; for I know one who suffered for me, and satisfied for me, and he is called Jesus Christ, the Son of God: where he shall dwell, there shall I dwell also. Written in the year 1546."

WHAT GUANO IS, AND WHERE IT COMES FROM.

The wonderful improvements made of late years in every manufacturing occupation, have not failed to stimulate the scientific agriculturist. The steam plough has been used on the wild swamp, and the use of the thrashing-machine, capable of performing the work of many men, has now become general in many countries. A German philosopher, Liebig, has pointed out the various and most fruitful sorts of earths, and now new manures are all the rage. It is said, more than 300 vessels from Liverpool are engaged in the *guano-manure* trade, and that many of them have gone to Ichnaboe. We have thought it would be interesting to give some account of the island from which this valuable commodity is shipped, and indeed, what it is supposed to be. The exceeding benefits which a few hundred-weights of this manure bestow on land, are known to most of our agricultural readers. The following account is taken from the notes of the master of a vessel sent to the above-named island for guano.

The island of Ichnaboe, which has caused so much commotion amongst merchants, ship-owners, and speculators, and which has given rise to the employment of many vessels from some of the principal ports, both of England and Scotland, in this new branch of trade, is situated in 26° 13' 34" south latitude, a few miles (about twenty-two) north of Angra Pequena—a well-determined position; which vessels bound for Ichnaboe generally try to make. The main land, for several hundred miles on both sides of Angra Pequena, presents to the eye of the mariner a barren, inhospitable, and dangerous line of sea-coast; lying low, though backed with high land in the interior. The strong glare, arising from the arid sand and the density of the atmosphere, calls for the utmost vigilance and caution on the part of the master-mariner approaching it during the night; for, if he once gets deceived, and into the current which sets upon the shore, the destruction of his vessel is inevitable. Along this line of coast there is not the slightest symptom of vegetation; indeed, it is much to be questioned whether vegetation would thrive, whatever might be the quality of the soil, as no rains fall in this region. True, there are heavy dews, occasionally falling both day and night; but the cold is so severe, for such a high latitude, during the fogs, and the sun, when it does break forth, is so powerful and scorching, that, in all probability, between these alternating temperatures and opposite extremes of weather, no vegetation could survive.

The island itself is a barren, shelving rock, about a mile long from north to south, and half a mile across at its broadest part,—viz. from its south-west to its north-east point. It is bounded all round by reefs, except on its eastern side, where there is anchorage in from five to six fathoms. A portion of the island is in the form of a flat shelf, about 1100 feet long and 500 feet broad in the widest part. Upon this shelf is accumulated that deposit of guano which gives so much celebrity to the island, and which varies in depth from 35 to 38 feet. Taking the average width of the deposit at 400 feet, and assuming the average depth to be 36 feet, the total quantity of guano will be about 58 millions of cubic feet.

The climate of Ichnaboe, notwithstanding the effluvia of the volatile ammoniacal gases, emitted from the guano, is very healthy. As one proof of its salubrity, he mentions the fact, that at a period when no fewer than thirty-five ships were lying off the island, their crews comprising altogether not fewer than about seven hundred men, most of whom were enduring exceedingly laborious employment in that hot region, there were only five cases of sickness within his knowledge, and these were complaints or affections of the lungs. As has been already remarked, there falls during the night a very heavy dew, attended with a piercing coldness of temperature; and even during the day, if the sun's rays be intercepted, a cold disagreeable sensation was immediately experienced. On the sun again breaking forth, its rays speedily scorched the lips, and indeed the whole face and hands of every person of fair complexion; and the lips of very few escaped this tormenting annoyance. Our informant suffered the most excruciating pain in his lips, and the skin of his face and hands, from which the only relief he could find was by anointing the skin with hog's lard, in imitation of the custom of the inhabitants of the mainland, who profusely lubricate their persons with palm oil.

With reference to the guano itself the notes to which we refer express a decided opinion on the part of the writer, that the substance is not, as has been generally supposed, exclusively composed of the excrement of marine birds, which he believes to form only a comparatively small portion of the mass. He supposes it chiefly to consist of the decomposed

bodies of marine birds and animals, together with the eggs of the former and the excrementitious matter of both. Amongst other facts and grounds for his adopting this opinion, he mentions the following:—He personally superintended the working or excavating of a pit of guano, 35 feet by 18 feet, and from all that came daily under his observation, he was inclined to the opinion, that this barren rock had been a favourite place of resort for ages, for penguins and other aquatic birds; that myriads of them have successively deposited their eggs there, and had subsequently died on the island; and that it had also been a favourite haunt of seals and other marine animals. In working the pit the men occasionally came to a stratum of a light-brown colour, and of greater levity than the strata above and below it; and imbedded in this stratum they invariably found numerous skeletons of penguins, in the last stage of decomposition, and vast quantities of their eggs. Having worked through this, the men would probably come after a time to another stratum of a much darker brown, and much heavier description; and the substance composing the bulk of this stratum, when rubbed between the fingers, would dissolve like tallow, and exude much more oil or fat than the first. Throughout this dark-coloured stratum, the men occasionally found many bones and skeletons of seals nearly decomposed, and but very rarely any remains of penguins. The appearance of the stratum suggested to him the idea of a great number of seals having been washed on shore, or having lain down in this spot to die. He adds, that the strata were not by any means regular in their alternations; but, as a general rule, he did not find both the light and the dark-coloured strata in close succession. The pit here referred to was in the centre of the island.

THOUGHTS AND THINGS WORTH NOTING.

A money-lender serves you in the present tense, he lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you in the future.

A young person without religion, is like a ship without ballast, or like a feather in a whirlwind.

Clothing.—The dress from birth should be loose, so as to admit of the free use of the limbs; and in point of warmth, it should be carefully suited to the season. The whole surface, particularly the extremities, ought to be well protected during the cold weather; the opinion that infants may be hardened by exposing them to the cold air in a half-covered state, is erroneous in all cases; and in children of a delicate constitution leads to the most pernicious consequences.

An Irish mile is 2240 yards; a Scotch mile is 1984 yards; an English or statute mile, 1760 yards; German, 7500; Turkish, 1826. An acre is 4840 square yards, or 69 yds. 1 ft. 8½ inches each way. A square mile, 1763 yards each way, contains 640 acres.

In whatever way people deceive themselves, they are always hard to be undeceived.

Heirs.—What madness it is for a man to starve himself to enrich his heir, and so turn a friend into an enemy; for his joy at your death will be in proportion to what you leave.

It is one of the hardest things in nature to make any man as wise as he should be, who imagines himself wise enough already.

Don't be affrighted when misfortune stalks into your humble habitation. She sometimes takes the liberty of walking into the presence-chamber of kings.

Distinction.—Mankind will never be in an eminent degree virtuous and happy, till each man possesses that portion of distinction, and no more, to which he is entitled by his personal merits.

Endeavour to find out what you really are, and when you have attained it, you will be less ready to speak, to act, and still less to applaud yourself.

If we wish that the virtue of our daughters should be of a stirring stamp, not forged in the mint of vanity, but issuing from principle; we shall be persuaded of the necessity of guarding against those early associations by which the love of admiration is produced.

It is giving a two-fold gift to him who is in distress, when one gives him without his asking.

Solitude the Nurse of Greatness.—All grand passions are formed in solitude: there are none such in the world, where there is no time for an object to make a profound impression, and where the multiplicity of tastes weakens the force of the sentiment.

BRING NOT THE GILDED CUP.

"And at the end of the feast, the Lord Mayor sent round the Loving-cup filled with wine."—*Morning Paper.*

Bring not to me that goblet fine,
Though studded o'er with gems,
I will not taste one drop of wine,
Its stores my heart condemns.

Methinks I see a spirit rise,
Its head bedeck'd with flowers;

"Come, see," it cries with laughing eyes,
"What light and rosy hours

"My votaries spend—no griefs have they,
They need not think o' the morrow;
Their lives are light, their hearts are gay—
Wine, wine's the cure of sorrow."

But, list! what dulcet harpings play,
Like music from the spheres!
Her garments glittering like the day,
An angel form appears!

It is the heavenly form of Truth,
Descending from above,
Adorn'd with never-fading youth,
With smiles of beaming love.

She whispers, "Be not thus beguil'd;
Within that cup so fair,
Lurks ruin, woe, and madness wild,
Attended by despair.

"The widow's tears, the orphan's sighs,
Are all commingled there;
And he that would be good and wise,
Must shun that fearful snare.

"Calm, holy Temperance is the name,
To me by mortals given;
I lead to honour, wealth, and fame,
To happiness and heaven."

"Yes, holy maiden," I replied,
"I make this vow to thee;
I never more will leave thy side,
Will aye thy champion be."

G. P. DERBY.

THE FATAL FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN some youth of finest promise, and watched over with ceaseless care, contracts intimacy with those against whom he had long been warned, or commits any other unexpected extravagance or crime, how often do we hear him exclaim to remonstrating friends, that he "could not help," "was doomed" to do what he had done, or use expressions of a similar kind. The meaning of all this sort of language can easily be explained: if uttered by violent and fearless minds, it means that the speaker would not submit to discipline and good conduct; if by the feeble or inexperienced, that they allowed circumstances, and not solid and immutable principles, to be the guides of their conduct. How many miseries might easily be averted, if the bashful, the timorous, and the weak, would accept with humility and confidence the conduct of those appointed by custom and God to direct them! The cant of good but incapable minds about *destiny*, &c. would cease to be mechanically repeated, and the young would learn, without bitter experience, that the authority of their teachers is indeed their worldly, no less than everlasting salvation; and we should not have to record stories such as the one which we must now disclose to our readers.

"It is about seventy years since a murderer was condemned to suffer death by the sword, at a town in western Normandy; and, on the morning of the execution, two senior pupils of the Jesuit seminary went, by permission of their superiors, to view a spectacle of rare occurrence in that province. The cordial intimacy subsisting between these youths had long been a problem, both to their teachers and school-fellows. So widely different, indeed, were they in appearance and character, and so harshly did the ferocity and cunning of the one contrast with the pure and gentle habits of the other, that they were called the 'wolf and the lamb.'

"The older of them, named Bartholdy, was a native of Strasburg, tall and robust in person, but high-shouldered, stooping, and in dress and gait slovenly and clownish. His yellow visage was deeply furrowed with the small-pox, and his remarkably large and staring eyes, which were of a pale and milky blue, indicated a dullness bordering on imbecility. This appearance, however, was belied by his habitual cunning, and by the dexterity with which he often contrived to exculpate himself under ciminatory circumstances. His spreading jaw-bones, large mouth, and coarsely-moulded lips, truly betokened his proneness to sensual gratifications; and the collective expression of his forbidding features was so remarkable, that a single glance sufficed to fix it in the memory for ever. It was rumoured in the seminary, that this youth had been sent by his friends to a school so remote from Strasburg, in consequence of some highly culpable irregularities; and certainly these rumours were justified by occasional instances of wolfish ferocity and deliberate duplicity, for which he was severely, but vainly punished.

"Florian, the friend of Bartholdy, although nearly of the same age, was shorter by the head. His figure was slender and elegant—his countenance eminently prepossessing and ingenuous. His complexion was of that pure red and white, through which every flitting emotion is instantaneously legible. His hazel eyes sparkled with intelligence; locks of glossy chestnut curled round his fair and open forehead; and there was about his lips and smile a winning grace, which, at maturer age, would have been thought too feminine. Although not regularly handsome, there was in his form and features that harmonious configuration which is termed beauty of character; and which, when accompanied by the correspondent moral graces of gentleness and refinement, often lays a more enduring hold of the affections than beauty of a more dignified and masculine order. An habitual and blushing timidity of address, of which he was painfully conscious, made him shrink from a free and general intercourse with his fellow pupils. He had few friends, because his bashful habits had made him fastidious and reserved; but his gentle and unassuming deportment, and the invariable sweetness of his temper, endeared him to the few who had penetration enough to discern his real merits; and so far recommended him to all, that the existence of an enemy was impossible.

"Thus widely opposite in physical and moral attributes were Florian and Bartholdy; and yet, so cordial appeared their attachment, so incessant was their intercourse, that the presiding Jesuits could only solve this enigma by conjecturing that Bartholdy, whose fierce temper and great bodily strength made him detested and shunned by every other boy, had found in the gentle sympathies of the unspoiled and credulous Florian a relief, which long habit had made essential to him. It is probable, too, that the often guilty, and ever equivocal Bartholdy, had found a protecting influence in the warm adherence of one whose purity of mind and character were universally acknowledged. His specious reasoning rarely failed to convince the confiding Florian that he was unjustly accused, and on several occasions he was screened from well-merited punishment by the favourable testimony of a friend whose veracity was above all suspicion.

"Florian, on the other hand, was flattered by the consciousness of his power to protect one so much feared by all but himself, and whom he thought unjustly persecuted. He was bound to him also by the tie of gratitude, for the protection which he derived from the size and strength of Bartholdy, when insulted or aggrieved in the quarrels which so often occur in large seminaries. Gradually, however, this exclusive intercourse with one so generally detested, alienated from Florian the good-will of his school-fellows. Even the few who had most esteemed him, now shunned his society; and the two friends, finding themselves excluded from all participation in the sports and feelings of others, became more than ever essential to each other. This enduring intimacy of two beings so opposite had been long watched by the Jesuits who conducted the establishment; but they forbore to check this singular friendship; not, however, in the hope of any amelioration in the habits of Bartholdy, but with a view to learn, from the unqualified sincerity of Florian, what the duplicity of the other would have concealed. Hoping that the trying spectacle of a public execution would make a salutary impression upon the hitherto callous feelings of Bartholdy, the reverend fathers had permitted him and his friend to be present on this awful occasion. Florian, who, at the urgent and often repeated entreaties of Bartholdy, had applied for this permission, followed him with reluctant steps, and a heart beating with terror, and was prevented only by the jeers and remonstrances of his companion from running back to school, and burying his head under

his bed-clothes, until the rush of the excited multitude, and the deep rolling of the drums and death-bells, had ceased. As usual, however, his complying temper yielded to the persuasion of his plausible and reckless friend, with whom he gained an elevated station, and so near the scaffold as to enable them to discern the features of the hapless criminal. Florian saw him kneel before the headsman; the broad weapon glittered in the sunbeams, and the assumed firmness of the trembling gazer utterly failed him. An ashy paleness overspread his features; his joints shook with terror; and closing his eyes, he saved himself from falling by clinging to the arm of Bartholdy, who, with unshaken nerves, opened to their full extent his large dull eyes, and glugged his savage curiosity by gazing with intense eagerness on the appalling scene. In a few seconds the severed head fell upon the scaffold; the headsman's assistant, grasping the matted locks, held it aloft to the gazing crowd; and Bartholdy exclaimed, with heartless indifference, 'Come along, Florian! 'tis all over, and capitally done! I would bet a louis that you saw nothing, and yet your face looks as white as if it had left your shoulders. Be more a man, Florian. If thus daunted at the sight of another's execution, how would you face your own, if destined to mount the scaffold?'

'Face my own?' exclaimed Florian, shuddering at the suggestion. 'God forbid! I shall take good care to avoid it.'

'Say not so,' rejoined Bartholdy; 'no man can avoid his doom; and it may be yours or mine to die upon the scaffold. Avoid it, indeed! I wish from my heart that you had never uttered those unlucky words. How often do the very evils we most carefully shun fall upon our devoted heads! My mind has been long made up to avoid nothing; and, as soon as I become my own master, I will throw myself on the world, and grapple with it boldly. Avoid your destiny, indeed! Beware of using those words again; for, trust me, Florian, they bode no good to you.'

'The timid Florian felt his blood freeze as he listened; but, recollecting himself, he was about to express his perfect reliance upon the integrity of his life and principles, when he shuddered with new dismay as he recollected the judicial murder of Calas, and considered the complexities of human and circumstantial evidence. In deep and silent dejection, he walked homeward with his friend. He felt as if his existence had been blighted by some sudden and dreadful calamity; and even fancied that he saw his future fate rising before him in storm and darkness, through which menacing images were indistinctly shadowed.'

'The lapse of several months gradually weakened the strong hold which the execution, and the strange comments of Bartholdy, had laid upon the imagination of Florian, but they tended to increase the timid indecision of his character, and induced a disposition to endure, in uncomplaining silence, many school annoyances, which more energy of character would have easily repelled. An extraordinary incident, however, gave a new turn to his situation. About six months after the execution, Bartholdy suddenly disappeared from the seminary; and this unaccountable event, by which Florian was the only sufferer, was neither explained nor even alluded to by the reverend fathers. To the scholars, who in vain sought an explanation of this mystery from the friend of Bartholdy, it was for some weeks a subject of wondering conjecture, which soon, however, subsided into indifference with all save Florian. He had lost his only, and, as he firmly believed, his sincerely-attached friend and companion; and, as this friendship had deprived him of the sympathy of every other school-fellow, he had now no alternative but to retire within himself, and lean upon his own thoughts and resources. For some time he brooded incessantly upon the strange disappearance of his friend. He recollected that for several days preceding the event, the spirits of Bartholdy were so obviously depressed, as to create inquiries, to which his replies were vague and unsatisfactory. Notwithstanding the guarded silence of the reverend fathers, it was evident to Florian that his friend had not absconded from the seminary, as not only his clothes and books, but even his bed, had disappeared with him. One article only remained, which had been left in the custody of Florian. It was a large clasp-knife, of excellent workmanship and finish. The handle was of the purest ivory, wrought in curious devices, and the long blade, which terminated in a sharp point, was secured from closing by a powerful spring, thus serving the double purpose of a knife and dagger. The owner of this remarkable weapon had told Florian that it was precious to him, as the legacy of a near relative, and requested him to take charge of it, from an apprehension, that if discovered in his own possession, it would either be stolen by the boys, or taken from him by the Jesuit fathers. 'And now,' sighed Florian, as he gazed with painful recollections on the

knife, 'it is too probably lost to him for ever. But if he is still in being, I may yet see and restore to him his favourite knife: and, that I may be always ready to restore it, as well as in remembrance of the owner, I will henceforth always carry it about me.'

'During the remainder of Florian's stay at the seminary, his thoughts continually reverted to his lost friend, who had, he feared, from a mysterious expression of the presiding Jesuit, met with some terrible calamity. During confession, he had once expressed his grief for the sudden deprivation of his friend, when, to his great surprise, the venerable priest, placing his hand solemnly upon the fair and innocent brow of Florian, exclaimed, with fervent emphasis, 'Thank God, my son, that it has so happened!'

'Florian often pondered upon these remarkable words, which, until some years after his departure from school, he could never satisfactorily interpret. For a long period he fondly cherished the memory of Bartholdy, and this feeling was prolonged by the knife, which, from habit, he continued to carry about him, even when the lapse of time had reconciled him to the loss of his early friend.'

'About three years after the disappearance of Bartholdy, the guardians of Florian, who had been an orphan from infancy, removed him from the seminary, and placed him as a law-student at the university of D.; but here again, although advantageously introduced and recommended, he found himself a stranger, unheeded and desolate. His timid and now invincible reserve, which prevented all advances on his part towards a frank and social communion with his fellow-students, chilled that disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, which his graceful person and intelligent physiognomy had excited; while his hesitating indecision, at every trivial and common-place incident, made him ridiculous to the few who had been won by his prepossessing exterior to occasional intercourse. Thus, amidst numbers of his own age and pursuit, and in the dense population of a city, the timid Florian continued as deficient as a child in all practical acquaintance with society. Without a single friend or associate, he acquired the habits of a solitary recluse; and, yielding supinely to what now appeared to him his destiny, he became anxious, disconsolate, and misanthropic. Conscious, however, that in France a sound and comprehensive knowledge of jurisprudence was a frequent avenue to honourable civic appointments, and yet over-looking his own incompetency to make any degree of legal knowledge available for this purpose, he pursued his studies for some years with indefatigable assiduity; and, during the last year of his stay at D., his endeavours to insure himself, by accumulated knowledge, an honourable support, were stimulated by a growing attachment to the lovely daughter of a merchant, through whose agency he drew occasional supplies of money from his guardians.'

'But even the passion which so often rouses the latent powers of the diffident into life and energy, failed to inspire the timid Florian with that external ardour and prompt assiduity so essential to success; and, although the object of his regard did not appear insensible to his silent and gentle homage, he never could collect resolution to reveal his feelings. His diffidence was increased, too, by the unmeaning attentions of two young and lively officers of the garrison, who, although precluded by their nobility from marriage with the daughter of a citizen, employed a portion of their abundant leisure in making experiments upon the affections of the lovely Angelique. While these military butterflies were fluttering round, poor Florian, daunted by the painful consciousness of his comparative disadvantages, rarely presumed to enter the villa in which her father resided, about half a league beyond the city gates; and endeavoured to console himself by wandering in a pleasant grove immediately contiguous. Here a majestic elm was endeared to him by the knowledge that his Angelique often took her work to a turf seat beneath its spreading branches. Here, too, he sometimes left a flower, or other silent token of his regard, the ascertained acceptance of which did not, however, encourage him to any decisive measure. At length arrived the autumnal vacation, which closed his academic studies; and he determined to pass the winter in his native province, where he thought the influence of his guardians, and the favourable testimony of his Jesuit teachers, would procure for him such recommendations as would render his extensive legal knowledge available for his future support. He proposed to return in the ensuing spring to D.; and should his mistress have stood the test of six months' absence, and still regard him with an eye of favour, he would then openly declare himself.'

'Having bidden his Angelique and her father farewell, and secured a place in the diligence for the following morning, he repaired to the grove behind the abode of Angelique. He had

determined that his favourite elm, hitherto the only witness of his love, should become the medium of a more palpable declaration of his feelings than he had hitherto dared to convey. Intending to carve in the bark the initial letters of his own and his fair one's names within the outline of a heart, he drew from his pocket the ivory clasp-knife of Bartholdy, which, after seven years of faithful custody, he had begun to consider as his own; and, kneeling on the bank of turf, he was enabled, by the sharpness of the point, to cut in deep and firm characters the initial of the name so dear to him. Laying down the knife upon the seat, he gazed, with folded arms, upon the beloved cipher, and fell into one of his accustomed reveries. An hour had thus elapsed, when suddenly he was roused from his dream of bliss, by tones of loud and vehement contention at no great distance from the elm. Prompted by his natural aversion for scenes of violence, he concealed himself behind the tree, from whence he was enabled to discern his two military rivals, out of uniform, approaching the elm, and indicating, by furious tones and gestures, feelings of mutual and deadly animosity. Florian, whose sense of the awkwardness of his situation was increased by his timidity, fancied that he should be accused of listening to their conversation, and, retreating unobserved into the wood, he had gained the high-road before he recollected that he had left his knife on the seat of turf. Ashamed of his cowardice, he determined to return and claim it, in the event of its having been discovered and taken by one of the contending parties. He accordingly retraced his steps. Concluding from the total silence that the hostile youths had quitted the grove, he approached the tree with confidence, but recoiled in sudden horror, as he almost stepped upon the body of one of his rivals, who lay dead on his back, while the blood was issuing in torrents from a wound in his throat, inflicted by the knife of Bartholdy, the remarkable handle of which protruded from the deep incision. His blood froze as he gazed on this sad spectacle; and, covering his face with his hands, he stood for some moments over the body in stolid and sickening horror. Soon, however, his strong antipathy to scenes of bloodshed and violence impelled him to rush, with headlong precipitation, from the fatal spot. Leaving his knife in the wound, he darted forward through the wood, and fortunately without meeting any one within or near it. When he reached the high-road, the darkness had so much increased as to render his features undistinguishable to the passengers, and, running towards the city, he soon reached the public promenade without the barriers, where he threw himself upon a bench, exhausted with terror and fatigue. Looking fearfully around him through the darkness, he endeavoured to collect his reasoning faculties, and immediately the recollection that he had left his knife in the throat of the murdered officer flashed upon him. With this fatal weapon were connected many old associations, which now crowded with sickening potency upon his memory. Again he saw the sarcastic grin with which his friend had said, 'What we most carefully shun, is most likely to befall us.' And would not the remarkable knife of Bartholdy too probably verify the malignant prophecy of its owner? Forgetful of the improbability that any one had seen in his possession a knife which before that evening he had never used, his senses yielded to an irresistible conviction, that this instrument of another's guilt would betray and lead him to the scaffold. Immediate flight was the only resource which presented itself to his bewildered judgment; and, rising from the bench, he hastened to his lodgings, to complete his preparations for departure the following morning. After a sleepless night, during which he started at every sound with apprehension of a nocturnal visit from the police, he proceeded at day-break, with a heavy heart, to the post-house, where observing a carrier's waggon on the point of departure for Normandy, he availed himself of the opportunity to facilitate his escape, by putting a few essentials into a cloak-bag, and forwarding his heavy trunk by the carrier. After some delay, of which every moment appeared an age, the diligence departed; and when the church-towers were lost in distance, the goading terrors of the unhappy fugitive yielded for a time to feelings of comparative security. His apprehensions, however, were renewed by every rising cloud of dust behind the diligence, and by every equestrian who followed and passed the vehicle. In vain did he endeavour to console himself with the consciousness that he was innocent, and under the protection of a just and merciful Providence. The judicial murder of innocent sufferers, detailed in the '*Causes Célèbres*' of Pitaval, were ever present to his fevered fancy, and called up a succession of imaginary terrors, until at dusk the diligence stopped at a solitary inn, and Florian heard, with new alarm, that here the passengers were to remain the night. 'And here,' thought the timid fugitive, 'I shall certainly be overtaken and arrested by the *gens-d'armes*.' A traveller, who arrived soon

after the diligence, and supped with the passengers, afforded him, however, another chance of escape. This man was lamenting that at a neighbouring fair, he had not been able to sell an excellent horse, and Florian, watching his opportunity, concluded the purchase with little bargaining. Pleading the necessity of going forward on urgent business, he mounted his purchase, and quitted the inn-yard, with a heart lightened by the certainty that he should gain a night upon his pursuers. At that time France was at peace both abroad and at home; passports were not essential to the native traveller; and Florian, turning down the first cross-road, proceeded rapidly all night, and the four following days; pausing occasionally to refresh his wearied steed, changing his name whenever he was required to declare it, and observing a zig-zag direction to blind his pursuers. On the fifth morning he found himself in a fertile district of central France; and, considering himself safe from all immediate danger, he pursued his journey more leisurely between the vine-covered and gently swelling hills, until the noon-day heat and dusty road made him sensibly feel the want of refreshment. While gazing around him for some hamlet or cottage to pause at, his attention was caught by sounds of lamentation at no great distance, and a sudden turn in the road revealed to him a prostrate mule, vainly endeavouring to regain his legs, one of which was broken. A tall boy, in peasant-garb, was scratching his head in rustic embarrassment at this dilemma, and near him stood a woman, wringing her hands in perplexity, and lamenting over the unfortunate mule, a remarkably fine animal, and caparisoned with a completeness which indicated the easy circumstances of his owner. Florian immediately stopped his horse; and, with his wonted kindness, dismounted to offer his assistance. The young woman said nothing as he approached, but her dark eyes appealed to him for aid and counsel with an eloquence which reached his heart in a moment. Examining the mule, he said, after some consideration, 'There is no hope for the poor animal; and the most humane expedient will be to shoot him as soon as possible. Your side-saddle can be strapped on my horse, which shall convey you to the next village, or as much farther as you like, if you have no objection to the conveyance.'

"Expressing her thanks with engaging frankness and cordiality, the fair traveller told him that she was returning from a visit to some relations, and that she was still four leagues from her father's house. She would gladly, she said, avail herself of his kind offer, but insisted that her servant should not kill her favourite mule until she was out of sight and hearing. Then turning briskly towards Florian, she told him that she was ready to proceed, but objected to the exchange of saddles; and, as she was accustomed to ride on a pillion, would rather sit behind him, as well as she could, than give him the trouble of walking four leagues. Finding all opposition fruitless, Florian remounted; and, with the assistance of her servant, the fair unknown was soon seated behind him.

"Conversing as they journeyed onward, their communications became every moment more cordial and interesting; and Florian began to feel a soothing sense of gratification, which cheered and elevated his perturbed spirits. So potent, indeed, was the charm of her look and language, that he forgot, for a time, the timid graces and less sparkling beauty of her he had lost for ever, and was insensibly beguiled of all his fears and sorrows as he listened to the lively sallies of this laughter-loving fair one. Meanwhile, they had quitted the cross-road in which he had discovered her, and pursued, by her direction, the great road from Paris towards eastern France. Here, however, he remarked, with surprise, that she invariably drew the large hood of her cloak over her face when any travellers passed them; and his surprise was converted into uneasiness and suspicion, when, after commencing the last league of their journey, she drew the hood entirely over her face; and her conversation, before so animated and flowing, was succeeded by total silence, or by replies so brief and disjointed, as to indicate that her thoughts were intensely pre-occupied.

"The sun had reached the horizon when they arrived within a short half-league of the town before them, and here she suddenly asked her conductor whether he intended to travel farther before morning. Florian, hoping to obtain some clue to her name and residence, replied, that he was undetermined; on which she advised him to give a night's rest to his jaded horse, and strongly recommended to him an hotel, the name and situation of which she minutely described. He promised to comply with her recommendations; and immediately, by a prompt and vigorous effort, she threw herself from the horse to the ground. Hastily arranging her disordered travelling dress, she approached him, clasped his hand in both her own, and thanked him in brief but fervent terms, for the important service he had rendered her. 'And now,' added she, in visible embarrass-

ment, as she raised her hood and looked fearfully around, 'I have another favour to request. My father would not approve of your accompanying me home, nor must the town gossips see me at this hour with a young man, and a stranger. You will, therefore, oblige me by resting your horse here for half an hour, that I may reach the town before you. Will you do me this favour?' she repeated, with a pleading look. 'Most certainly I will,' replied the good-natured, but disappointed Florian. 'Farewell, then,' she cordially rejoined, 'and may Heaven reward your kindness!'

"Bounding forward with a light and rapid step, she soon disappeared round a sharp angle in the road, occasioned by a sudden bend of the adjacent river. Florian, dismounting to relieve his horse, gazed admiringly upon her elastic step and well-turned figure, until she was out of sight. He recollected, with a sigh of regret, the sprightly graces and artless intelligence of her conversation; again the sense of his desolate and perilous condition smote him; he felt himself more than ever forlorn and unhappy, and reproached himself for the helpless bashfulness which had prevented him from inquiring more urgently the name and residence of this charming stranger. While thus painfully musing, the time she had prescribed elapsed, and Florian, remounting, let the bridle fall upon the neck of the exhausted animal, which paced towards the town as deliberately as the unknown fair one could have wished. At a short distance from the town gate the high-road passed under an archway, composing part of a detached house of Gothic and ancient structure; and on the town side of the arch was a toll-bar, at which a boy was stationed, who held out his hat to Florian, and demanded half a sou. 'For what?' asked Florian.

"A long-established toll, Sir," said the boy; 'and if you have a compassionate heart, you will give another half sou to the condemned criminals,' he continued, as he pointed to an iron box placed near the house-door, under a figure of the Virgin. Shuddering at the words, Florian threw some copper coins into the box; and as he hastened forward, endeavoured to banish the painful association of ideas, by fixing his thoughts upon the mysterious fair one. Suspecting, from the pressing manner in which she had recommended a particular hotel to his preference, that, if he went there, he might possibly see or hear from her in the morning, he proceeded to the *Henri Quatre*, which proved to be an hotel of third-rate importance, but well suited to his limited means, and recommending itself by an air of cleanliness and comfort. The evenings at this season were cool; and as it would have required some time to heat the parlour, the landlord proposed to him to sit down and take some refreshment in his well-warmed kitchen. Florian complied with this invitation, but not without some apprehension of the presence of strangers; and, stepping into the kitchen, was relieved by the discovery, that it was occupied only by servants, who were too busily engaged in preparing supper to take notice of him.

"Sitting down in a corner near the fire, the combined effects of a congenial warmth and excessive fatigue threw him into a sound sleep, which lasted several hours, and would have continued much longer, had he not been roused by the landlord, who told him that his supper had been ready some time, but that he had been unwilling to disturb a slumber so profound. In fact, the repose of the unfortunate fugitive had not, during the five preceding nights, been so continuous and refreshing, so free from painful and menacing visions. Rising drowsily from his chair, he followed the landlord to a table, where a roasted capon and a glass jug of bright wine waited his arrival. The servants had all retired for the night—the landlord quitted the kitchen, and Florian, busily employed in dissecting the fowl, thought himself the sole tenant of that spacious apartment, when, looking accidentally towards the fire, he saw with surprise that the chair he had just quitted was occupied. Looking more intently, he distinguished a short man of more than middle age, whose square and sturdy figure was partially concealed by a capacious mantle. His hair was gray, his forehead seamed with broad wrinkles, and his bushy brows beetled over a set of features stern and massive as if cast in iron. His eyes were small and deep-set, but of a lustrous black; and Florian observed with dismay that they were fixed upon his countenance with a look of searching scrutiny. It was near midnight, and in the deep silence which reigned through the house, this motionless attitude, and marble fixedness of look, gave to the stranger's appearance a character so appalling, that, had he not broken the spell by stooping to light his pipe, the excited Florian would, ere long, have thought him an unearthly object. The stranger now quitted his seat by the fire, took from the table near him a jug of wine, and approached the wondering Florian. 'With your leave, my good Sir,' he began, 'I will take a chair by your table. A little friendly gossip is the best of all seasoning to a glass of wine.'

"Without waiting for a reply, the old man seated himself directly opposite to Florian, and again fixed a scrutinizing gaze upon his countenance. The conscious fugitive, who felt a growing and unaccountable dread of this singular intruder, muttered a brief assent, and continued to eat his supper in silent but obvious embarrassment; stealing now and then a timid look at the stranger, but hastily withdrawing his furtive glances as he felt the beams of the old man's small and vivid eyes penetrating his very soul. He observed that the features of his tormentor were cast in a vulgar mould, but his gaze was widely different from that of clownish curiosity, and there was in his deportment a stern and steady self-possession, which suggested to the alarmed Florian that he was an agent of the police, who had probably tracked him through the cross-roads he had traversed in his flight from D. The rich colour of his cheeks turned to an ashy paleness at this appalling conjecture; and leaving his supper unfinished, he rose abruptly from the table to quit the room, when the old man, starting suddenly from his chair, seized the shaking hand of Florian, and, looking cautiously around him, said in subdued but impressive tones—'It is not accident, young man, which brings us together at this hour. I came in while you were asleep, and begged the landlord would not awaken you, that I might say a few words to you in confidence, after the servants had gone to bed.'

"To me!" exclaimed Florian, in anxious wonder.

"Hush!" said the old man, again looking round the kitchen. 'My object is to give you a friendly warning; for, if I am not for the first time mistaken in these matters, you are menaced with a formidable danger.'

"Danger!" repeated the pallid Florian, in a voice scarcely audible.

"And have you not good reason to expect this danger?" continued the stranger. 'Your sudden paleness tells me that you know it.' Then, pausing, and fixing a keenly searching glance upon the shrinking youth, he whispered in his ear, 'Young man, you have a *murder* on your conscience!'

"For a moment the apprehensions of Florian yielded to a lofty sense of indignation at this groundless charge. 'It is false, old man!' he exclaimed with energy. 'I swear by Him who searches all hearts, that I am not guilty.'

"I shall rejoice to learn that I am mistaken," replied the old man, with evident gratification, as again he fixed his searching orbs upon the indignant Florian. 'If you are innocent, it will be all the better for both of us; but,' he continued, after a hasty look around him, 'the danger I allude to still hangs over your head. I trust, however, that, with God's help, I shall be able to shield you from it.'

"Florian, too much alarmed to reply, looked at him doubtfully. 'I will deal candidly with you,' resumed the old man, after a pause of reflection. 'When you rode by my house this evening—'

"Who and what are you?" exclaimed Florian, in new astonishment.

"Have a little patience, young man!" replied the stranger, while his iron features relaxed into a good-natured smile. 'Do you recollect the tall arch-way under an old house, where a toll of half a sou was demanded from you? That house is mine; and I was sitting by the window as you threw an alms into the box for the condemned criminals. Had you then looked upward, you would have seen a naked sword and a bright axe suspended over your head.'

"At these words Florian shuddered, and involuntarily retreated some paces from his companion. 'I see by your flinching,' sternly resumed the old man, 'that you guess who is before you. You are right, young man! I *am* the town executioner, but an honest man withal, and well inclined to render you essential service. Now, mark me! When you stopped beneath the broad blade, it quivered, and jarred against the axe. Whoever is thus greeted by the headsmen's sword, is inevitably doomed to come in contact with it. I heard the boding jar, which every executioner in France well knows how to interpret, and I immediately determined to follow and to warn you.'

"The unhappy youth, who had listened in disheartening emotion to this strange communication, now yielded to a sense of ungovernable terror. Covering with both his hands his pallid face, he exclaimed in nameless agony, 'O God! in thy infinite mercy, save me!'

"Hah!" ejaculated the headsmen, sternly, 'have I then roused your sleeping conscience? However, whether you conclude to open or to shut your heart, is now immaterial in either case; I will never betray you—for accusation and judgment belong not to my office. Profit, therefore, as you best may, by my well-intended warning. Alas! alas!' he muttered between his closed teeth, 'that one so young should dip his hands in blood!'

"By all that is sacred!" exclaimed Florian, with trembling eagerness, "I am innocent of murder, and incapable of falsehood; and yet so disastrous is my destiny, that I am beset with peril and suspicion. You are an utter stranger to me, but you appear to have benevolence and worldly wisdom. Listen to my tale, and then in mercy give me aid and counsel."

"He now unfolded to the executioner the extraordinary chain of circumstances which had compelled him to seek security in flight, and told his tale of trials with an artless and single-hearted simplicity of language, look, and gesture, which carried with it irresistible conviction of his innocence. The rigid features of the headsman gradually relaxed, as he listened, into a cheerful and even cordial expression; then warmly grasping the hand of Florian as he concluded, he said, 'Well! well! I see how it is. In my profession we learn how to read human nature. When I watched your slumber, I thought your sleep looked very like the sleep of innocence; and now I believe from my soul that you are as guiltless of this murder as I am. With God's help, I will yet save you from this peril; and indeed had you killed your rival in sudden quarrel, I would have done as much for you, for I well know that sudden wrath has made many a good man blood-guilty. There was certainly some danger of your being implicated by the singular circumstances you have detailed; but the real and formidable peril has grown out of your flight. That was a blunder, young man! but I see no reason to despair. 'Tis true, the broad blade has denounced you, and my grandfather and father, as well as myself, have traced criminals by its guidance. But I know that the sword will speak alike to its master and its victim. You have yet to learn, young man, that in this life every man is either an anvil or a hammer—a tool or a victim; and that he who boldly grasps the blade will never be its victim. Briefly, then, I feel a regard for you. I have no sons, but I have a young and lovely daughter. Marry her, and I will adopt you as my successor. You will then fulfil your destiny, by coming in contact with the sword; and, if you clutch it firmly, I will pledge myself that you never die by it.'

"At this strange proposal Florian started on his feet with indignant abhorrence. 'Hold!' continued the headsman coolly. 'Why hurry your decision? The night is long, and favourable to reflection. Bestow a full and fair consideration upon my proposal, and recollect that your neck is in peril; that all your prospects in life are blasted; and that my offer of a safe asylum, and a competent support, can alone preserve you from despair and destruction. The sword has sent you a helper in the hour of need, and if you reject the friendly warning, you will soon discover that the consciousness of innocence will not protect a blushing and irresolute fugitive from the proverbial ubiquity and prompt severity of the French police.'

"The headsman now emptied his glass, and with a friend nod left the kitchen. Soon after his departure the landlady appeared with a night-lamp, and conducted Florian to his apartment. Without undressing, the bewildered youth extinguished his lamp, and threw himself on the bed, hoping that the darkness would accelerate the approach of sleep, and of that oblivion which in his happier days had always accompanied it. Vain, however, for some hours, was every attempt to lull his senses into forgetfulness. The revolting proposal of the old man haunted him incessantly.

"I become an'— he muttered indignantly, but could never utter the hateful word. The shrinking diffidence which had been a fertile source of difficulty to him through life, had been increased tenfold by his recent calamities; he was conscious even to agony of his total inability to contend with the consequences of his imprudent and cowardly flight; but, from such means of escape, he recoiled with unutterable loathing. He felt that he should never have resolution to grasp the sword which was to save him from being numbered with its victims, and yet his invincible abhorrence of this alternative failed to rouse in him the moral courage which would have promptly rescued him from the toils of the cunning headsman. The broken slumber into which he fell before morning was haunted by boding forms and tragic incidents. The sword, the axe, the scaffold, and the rack, flitted around him in quick procession, and seemed to close every avenue to escape. He awoke from these visions of horror at daybreak, and left his bed as wearied in body, and as irresolute in mind, as when he entered it. Dreading alike a renewal of the executioner's proposal, and the risk of being arrested and tried for murder, he saw no alternative but flight—immediate flight beyond the bounds of France. Endeavouring to rally his drooping spirits, he hastened down stairs to order his horse, that he might leave the hotel and the town before the promised visit of the fearful Headsman. Notwithstanding his urgency, he found his departure unaccountably delayed. The servants were not visible, and the landlord, insisting that he should take a warm break-

fast before his departure, was so dilatory in preparing it, that a full hour elapsed before Florian rode out of the stable-yard. His officious host then persisted in sending a boy to show him the nearest way to the town gate; and the impatient traveller, who would gladly have declined the offer, found himself obliged to submit. His guide accompanied him to the extremity of the small suburb beyond the eastern gate, and quitted him; while Florian, whose ever ready apprehensions had been roused by the tenacious civility of the landlord, rode slowly forward, looking round occasionally at his returning guide, and determining to take the first cross-road he could find. A little farther he discovered the entrance of a narrow lane, shaded by a double row of lofty chestnuts, and as he turned towards it his horse's head, he saw the old man, whose promised visit he was endeavouring to escape, issuing from the lane on horseback. 'I guessed as much,' said the headsman, smiling, as he rode up to the startled fugitive. 'I knew you would try to escape me, but I cannot consent that you should thus run headlong into certain destruction. You have neither sanguine hopes, nor a fixed purpose to support you, and you want firmness to answer with discretion the trying questions which will everywhere assail you. You are silent—you feel the full extent of your danger—why not then embrace the certain protection I offer you? Fear not that I shall either repeat or allude to my last night's proposal. My sole object is your immediate protection at this critical period, when you are doubtless tracked in all directions by the blood-hounds of the police. At the frontiers you will inevitably be stopped and identified; but under my roof you will be safe from all pursuit and suspicion. I live secluded from the world, I have no visitors, and your presence will not be suspected by any one. In a few weeks the heat of pursuit will abate, and you may then take your departure with renewed courage and confidence.'

"'Courage and confidence!' repeated to himself the timid Florian; 'would to Heaven I had either!' The good sense, however, of the old man's advice was so obvious, that he determined to avail himself of so kind an offer. Gratefully pressing his hand, he dismissed all doubts of his sincerity, and said, 'I will accompany you; and may God reward your benevolence, for I cannot!'

"'We must return by the road I came,' said the headsman, turning his horse. 'It will take us outside the town to my house; and, at this hour, we shall arrive there unperceived. Your landlord, who is under obligations to me, sent you this road at my request. He supposes that you are my distant relative, and that, unwilling to appear in public with an executioner, you had made an appointment with me for this early hour on your way homeward.'

[To be continued.]

Review.

"SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN CHURCHES AND AMONG FOREIGN PEOPLES."

By Frederic Faber, M.A. Fellow of University College, Oxford.

(SECOND NOTICE. Continued from page 7.)

THE farther we travel with the author, we discover more pleasing proofs of the devotional character of his heart; and while new scenes are for ever causing in him still stronger development of Catholic feeling we cannot help recollecting with affectionate pity the position of one so sensible of the beauty and impressiveness of Catholic institutions, and yet, deprived of the graces which emphatically belong to those in the Church alone. What delusive reasonings may keep many who have, indeed, been much favoured by heaven, of late years, from pursuing the road into which they have been conducted, it is not for us to determine. In taking up the works of many, who, for want of a better name are called Puseyites, we must remark, that not a few confess with sorrow and candour their uneasy position; they have learned to dread (a new thing in this age!) the grievous sins of heresy and schism; they acknowledge the appearances of schism under which they labour, and their sincere desire also to re-enter

into communion with the great body of Catholic Christians. Yet what numberless and ever-shifting arguments are used to induce the troubled spirit to remain at ease, and above all, to *put off* graces which, if embraced, would cause much worldly sacrifice, or lead to an abandonment of old associations! Alas! all these specious reasonings partake of the world and the flesh, although it may be said, they are indulged honestly. The kingdom of heaven is a boon of such exceeding value, that we must not allow father or mother, or wife or children, or the world's hatred or the world's laugh, to stop us from embracing the glorious gift, and the more painful the sacrifice to be made, the more we must dread delusive arguments, and the more determined we must be to sacrifice all for eternal life. But, avoiding the danger of much comment, let us proceed to extract passages from the interesting book before us:—

THAT THE ENGLISH CANNOT AT FIRST PROPERLY VALUE CATHOLIC SERVICES ABROAD—AND EF- FECT OF THEM AFTERWARDS.

"Fuller gives this advice to travellers, in his buffooning style:—'Be well settled in thine own religion, lest, travelling out of England into Spain, thou goest out of God's blessing into the warm sun. Some are ravished at the sight of the first popish church they enter into.' I would say the reverse of much of this. So far is one from being 'ravished at the sight of the first popish church' we enter, that the service is, so far as I know, distasteful, and almost offensive. Nearly the whole of my second journey on the Continent, and that too amid the ecclesiastical magnificence of Belgium, had elapsed before I became at all reconciled to it. The danger, if danger there can really be to an intelligent or well-disciplined Anglican, is on farther acquaintance and familiarity. The attraction increases in proportion to our study of the Roman service books. Much, well nigh all, in them is so beautiful, so solemn, so reverently bold, so full of Catholic teaching, so fitted to the deepest devotional cravings of which we are capable, and has, historically, been the road and training of such eminent Saints, that we return almost with a feeling of disappointment and sense of lowering to our own formularies, forgetting that we have deserved lowering much farther, and that the Catholic richness of the Common Prayer is far above our actual condition and practice. The hold which the Breviary takes upon us is strengthened, while we allow its austere hymns to raise our affections higher than their wonted pitch, while we learn many things we knew not of, from the selection of the readings, and pause over the antiphons, where a word from one part of Scripture seems to meet another and make a key, and open up whole mines of mystical exposition, much of it, probably, belonging to very ancient traditional treasures in the Church. When this is done, and there is no feeling in the mind of the real, however obscured, catholicity of our Church, and no sense that so much of the Breviary belongs to us, no less than to Rome, then it is that the Roman services are most likely to 'ravish' those who join, and peril their allegiance to their own Church; if such a thing were possible to instructed or modest minds."

MODERN ART, ALL FOR EXTERNAL DECORATION.

"This house of Carthusian monks was begun by one of the Visconti, Dukes of Milan, in the fourteenth century. The building of it occupied a hundred years. The whole of the interior, which is spacious and in the form of a Latin Cross, is one mingled mass of marble, precious stones, brass, bronze, fresco-painting and stained windows, most dazzling and costly. We observed much elaborate work in very precious materials, in more than one place where it could scarcely be seen by any human eye. This is always delightful. It is very contrary to our spirit. We would as soon throw ourselves from our own steeples as do any thing elaborate or beautiful or costly, where it would never meet the eyes of men. How the spirit of the Middle Ages dwarfs this selfish, unventuresome meanness. What a refreshment it is, how grateful a reproof to wander up and down, within and without, the labyrinth of roofs in an old cathedral, as we did at Amiens, and see the toil and the

cost of parts to which the eye can scarcely travel, so isolated are they in the air,—tracery, exquisitely-finished images, fretwork, and the like; and all an offering of man's toil and intellect and cost to the Holy Trinity. The Certosa is a signal instance of this spirit. It is one heap of riches and of earth's most magnificent things, wrought by the deep and fertile spirit of Christian art into a wondrous symbolical offering to God, shaped after the Cross of His Son."

AN ENGLISHMAN'S FEELING OF SEPARATION ABROAD.

"The morning Mass, at the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, was just finishing when we descended into the subterranean chapel, at the entrance of the choir. We did not much regard the splendour of the tomb, for our eyes were riveted on the coffer which stood above the Altar, and contained the mortal remains of that holy Saint and faithful shepherd. The longer we remained in the cathedral, the more its glory, and magnificence, and coloured gloom, took possession of our spirits. It is an oppressing thing to be a priest in the city of St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo, and yet a stranger; a gazer,—a mere English looker-on,—a tourist, where one should be upon one's knees at home, and in that divine temple a legitimate worshipper. But where rests the blame? Alas! the sour logic of controversy may be as convincing as it usually is to men whose minds were made up, as almost all minds are, independent of it; but, since Eve tempted and Adam fell, has there ever been a strife where both sides were not to blame? In a difference so broad and complicated, so many-veined and intertwisted, as that between Rome and us, never was there so monstrous a faith as that which could believe that all the wrong was with Rome, and all the right with England. Yet men have been seen with the mortal eye, who had the capacity to receive this, and put trust in it. It is distressing, truly, to be in a wonderful church, like this of Milan, to be sure you reverence the memory of St. Ambrose, and have deep affection for the very name of Borromeo, and are not without Christian thought for Saints Gervasius and Protasius, as much as one half of the people you see there, and yet be shut out from all church offices,—to have no home at the Altars of that one Church, at whose Altars, by apostolic ordination, you are privileged to consecrate the Christian Mysteries."

THURSDAY IN HOLY WEEK ABROAD.

"On Maundy Thursday we went to St. Mark's, and remained there the whole of the service, which lasted above three hours. This Thursday seems to be here, as it should be, a sort of Lenten holyday, a light shining even in the darkness of Passion Week. Flags were flying on all the ships before the quay, as well as in the square before St. Mark's. The archbishop was in the cathedral. He and his clergy were magnificently habited in vestments of what appeared to be cloth of gold, and he had a gilded mitre on his head. There was music, but not much. All the clergy, the Austrian archduke, who is viceroy of Milan, and thirteen old paupers, received the Holy Communion, the choir chanting, in a low voice, the whole time. After the Communion the archbishop came into the nave accompanied by his priests and deacons, in less magnificent attire. They took off his outer robes, and girded him with a towel. He then knelt down, and washed and kissed the feet of the thirteen old paupers who had communicated. I rather expected this ceremony would have been a little undignified, and waited for it somewhat uneasily, considering I was in church, and the Eucharistic Sacrifice but just over. However, it was not so in the least. It was very affecting, and quite real; and the people seemed to feel that it meant something real, and, to all appearance, were edified by it, as I was myself. After it was over, the patriarch, standing and leaning on his crosier, made a short address to the people, explaining the symbolical character of our Lord's act, and dwelling particularly on St. Peter's wish, that not his feet only should be washed, but his hands and his head."

"This was the first great Church ceremony we had seen since we came abroad; and I looked in vain for the 'mummery,' disgusting repetition, childish arrangements, and so forth, which one reads of in modern travellers; who, for the most part, know nothing of the Roman service-books, and consequently understand nothing of what is before them. A heathen might say just the same, as the Puritans did say, of us, if they entered one of our cathedrals, and saw us sit for the Epistle, stand for the Gospel, turn to the east at the Creed, bow at our Lord's Name, recite the Litany at a faldstool between the porch and the Altar, make Crosses on babies' foreheads, lay hands on small squares of bread; or if they saw

men, in strange black dresses, with huge white sleeves, walking up and down the aisles of a country church, touching the heads of boys and girls, or wetting the head and hand of our kings and queens with oil, or consecrating buildings and yards. There *may*, of course, be very sad mummery in Roman services, as there is very sad irreverence oftentimes in English services; such, for instance, as dressing up the Altar in white cloths, with the plate upon it, as if for the Holy Communion, when it is not meant there should be one, which is sometimes done in cathedrals, where the clergy themselves are in sufficient number to communicate, and strangers who have wished to stay have been told it will be very inconvenient if they do so. It may be hoped there are few Roman churches where such theatrical mummery as that is practised. However, whatever be the amount of Romish mummery, the gross ignorance of ecclesiastical matters exhibited by many modern travellers, who have spoken the most confidently about it, may make us suspect their competency to be judges on the matter. When we see that precisely the same common-place and offensive epithets might be applied with equal justice to us, by one who was a stranger or an enemy to our services; and, whatever changes people may wish for, the English ritual, characterized by a simplicity of which Christendom for many a century has not seen the like, will hardly be charged with mummery. All ritual acts must, from the nature of the case, be symbolical, being either a reverential imitation of sacred acts, or the sublime inventions of antiquity, whereby the Presence of God and His Holy Angels is recognized and preached to the people, or fit and beautiful means for affecting the imagination of the worshipper, and giving intensity to his devotion. All service, not excepting the simple and strict imitation of our Blessed Lord's action at the institution of the most solemn rite in the world, must be dumb-show to a looker-on, who knows nothing of what it sets forth and symbolizes; and this dumb-show such a looker-on, if he were pert and self-sufficient, would call mummery. The existence of Romish mummery is or is not a fact; and must, of course, be so dealt with; and its extent also is or is not ascertainable as a fact. But the improbability of its being nearly so extensive as modern travellers represent it is so monstrous, considering that the Romanists are Christians, and Christians too at worship, that the vague epithets and round sentences and the received puritan vocabulary of persons ignorant of Breviaries and Missals cannot be taken as evidence. Indeed, in these days, we may justifiably require beforehand that a traveller shall know so much of what external religion is, and what are its uses, that he can comprehend and subscribe to the simple philosophy comprised in Wordsworth's definition of it:—

' Sacred Religion! Mother of form and fear,
Dread arbitress of mutable respect.'

"It is to be regretted extremely that it is not customary with us to have the Holy Communion on the Thursday in Passion Week, as has been the practice of almost the whole Church in all ages; it being the day on which our Blessed Lord instituted that holy, life-giving Mystery, and powerful memorial of His death. Anciently, in those parts where the Eucharist was always received before any other food had crossed the lips that day, an exception was made in favour of this Thursday, inasmuch as the Blessed Supper was not celebrated generally on that day until after the evening meal, the time of its first institution by the Lord. In England, so far are we from thus celebrating the Holy Supper on the day of its institution, which would be most natural and touching, that it is in many places usually celebrated on Good Friday. One would think people's feelings would be jarred by such an arrangement. Good Friday is a day of intense gloom, and the services breathe a very saddened spirit: it is a fast, not a day for the most joyous of all feasts. I believe it is correct to say, that in most parts of Europe it is usual to consecrate the Eucharist three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, the one day excepted from the exercise of that great privilege of the Church being the anniversary of the Lord's Crucifixion: inasmuch that in some places, in order to provide for dying persons wanting the Communion on that day, enough is consecrated the day before to meet such exigencies." [To be continued.]

Severe, but Deserved.—A young minister dining at the house of a gentleman, who had recently paid a visit to the metropolis, expressed his sorrow that his host should have heard him preach after having heard so many great guns in London. The reply was very promptly made: "It is," said he, "sometimes a relief to hear a pop-gun after so many great guns." The angler for compliment was silent.

Mahomet's Journey to the Seven Heavens.—Among the most extravagant stories promulgated by Mahomet, was the tale of his admission into the seven heavens, under the guidance of the angel Gabriel; through whose care and diligence he had been enabled in the course of one night to behold all the wonders of the heavenly regions, and to converse with the Almighty himself. Mahomet's account of this celestial journey, shows him to have been completely devoid of poetic skill; this extravagant fable is a tissue of the most dull and ridiculous absurdities, as destitute of fancy as of skill. We may easily suppose that a man of a poetic imagination could have composed a description of a journey through the boundless and glorious regions of heaven, captivating and misleading the minds of his hearers, by its splendid imagery, its gorgeous and startling embellishments. We may conceive him to have possessed them with vague and indefinite, but still with vast and wondering, conceptions of the magnificence of the celestial kingdom; of the power and beauty of its inhabitants; of its own dazzling and unspeakable glories. A well-managed description of such a character, might have had a powerful effect upon a rude and sensitive people. But the description which tradition has handed down, as given by Mahomet, of his celestial journey, possesses no such poetical merits. He has described every thing upon a most extravagant scale; but unwisely endeavours to convey definite conceptions of the marvels he pretended to have witnessed. He relates by rule and measure, leaving nothing to the imaginations of his hearers—this was so long—that so broad—this had so many eyes—this so many tongues;—and while he thus strives to swell the imagination by mere arithmetic, he renders himself and his description ridiculous. In the first heaven he saw a cock so large that his head reached to the second heaven, which was at the distance of five hundred days' journey, according to the common rate of travelling on earth; his wings were large in proportion to his height, and were decked with carbuncles and pearls; he crows so loud every morning, that all the creatures on earth, except men and fairies, hear the tremendous sound. The second heaven was all of gold; and one of the angels who inhabited it was so large, that the distance between his eyes was equal to the length of seventy thousand days' journey. In the seventh heaven was an angel having seventy thousand heads, in every head seventy thousand mouths, in every mouth seventy thousand tongues, in every tongue seventy thousand voices, with which, day and night, he was incessantly praising the Lord. Such were the puerile conceptions of the prophet! A more stupid fable than this famous journey, it is impossible to conceive. It, however, very satisfactorily proves three things—the poverty of the prophet's invention, the unbounded extent of his impudence, and the extraordinary credulity of his followers.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

Hints to Purchasers of Plants.—In buying plants there is a good deal in a good choice. For, however gratifying it may be to have those which look best, it is most pleasing to have those which last longest in perfection. Geraniums last a long time in perfection, so do the hydrangea, mimulus, myrtle, cineraria, heart'sease, fuchsia, correa, verbenia, petunia, and many others whose blooms come all the summer, or at least come as fast as the plants grow. Camellia japonica may be selected with a number of buds in different stages of forwardness, so as to last a reasonable time; but many of the plants brought to market are kept in the nursery till they are in perfection, and then from the moment they are bought they get worse every day, and would even in the gardens where they are raised. All such plants, therefore, ought to be bought before they are in bloom, before they have opened fairly; and, to do this, you must perhaps go to the nurseries instead of the market, for they are better worth twice the money they cost at market when well selected at the nursery, if it be only for remaining in perfection twice as long. Those plants whose blossoms are coming the whole season, may be found quite good enough at the market. Upon the whole, if the good people in close rooms could but give their plants more air, less water, and that more regularly, they would prolong their beauty always, and their existence very often.—*The Practical Florist.*

A Large Tree.—One of the largest trees on record is to be found at Penang. It is one hundred and thirty feet high to the first branch, and thirty-six feet round in the largest part.—*Voyages of the Nemesis.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"Alamarden-Chan, the governor of Cashmere, who sat among the Chans, stood up, and exclaimed, 'It is the will and desire of the Great Mogul, Schah Choram, that if there are any valiant heroes who will show their bravery by combating with wild beasts, armed with shield and sword, let them come forward: if they conquer, the Mogul will load them with great favour, and clothe their countenance with gladness.' Upon this three persons advanced, and offered to undertake the combat. Alamarden-Chan again cried aloud, 'None should have any other weapon, than a shield and a sword, and whosoever has a breast-plate under his clothes, should lay it aside and fight honourably.' Hereupon a powerful lion was let into the garden, and one of the three men above mentioned advanced against him; the lion, on seeing his enemy, ran violently up to him; the man, however, defended himself bravely, and kept off the lion for a good while, till his arms grew tired; the lion then seized the shield with one paw, and with the other, his antagonist's right arm, so that he was not able to use his weapon; the latter, seeing his life in danger, took with his left hand his Indian dagger, which he had sticking in his girdle, and thrust it as far as possible into the lion's mouth; the lion then let him go; the man, however, was not idle, but cut the lion almost through with one stroke, and after that entirely to pieces. Upon this victory, the common people began to shout, and call out, 'Thank God! he has conquered!' But the Mogul said, smiling, to this conqueror, 'Thou art a brave warrior, and hast fought admirably! But did I not command to fight honourably only with shield and sword? But, like a thief, thou hast stolen the life of the lion with thy dagger.' And immediately he ordered two men to rip up his belly, and to place him upon an elephant, and, as an example to others, to lead him about, which was done on the spot. Soon after a tiger was let loose; against which a tall powerful man advanced with an air of defiance, as if he would cut the tiger up. The tiger, however, was far too sagacious and active, for, in the first attack, he seized the combatant by the neck, tore his throat, and then his whole body in pieces. This enraged another good fellow, but little, and of mean appearance, from whom one would not have expected it: he rushed forward like one mad, and the tiger on his part undauntedly flew at his enemy; but the man at the first attack cut off his two fore paws, so that he fell, and the man cut his body to pieces. Upon this the king cried, 'What is your name?' He answered, 'My name is Geyby.' Soon after one of the king's servants came and brought him a piece of gold brocade, and said, 'Geyby, receive the robe of honour with which the Mogul presents you.' He took the garment with great reverence, kissed it three times, pressing it each time to his eyes and breast, then held it up, and in silence put up a prayer for the health of the Mogul; and when he had concluded it, he cried, 'May God let him become as great as Tamerlane, from whom he is descended. May he live seven hundred years, and his house continue to eternity!' Upon this he was summoned by a chamberlain to go from the garden up to the king; and when he came to the entrance, he was received by two Chans, who conducted him between them to kiss the Mogul's feet. And when he was going to retire, the king said to him, 'Praised be thou, Geyby-Chan for thy valiant deeds, and this name shalt thou keep to eternity. I am your gracious master, and thou art my slave.'" This throws light on 1 Cor. xv. 32. "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus."—JURGEN ANDERSEN'S TRAVELS.

"Besides a bowl of milk, and a basket of figs, raisins, or dates, which upon our arrival were presented to us, to stay our appetites, the master of the tent where we lodged fetched us from his flock, according to the number of our company, a kid or a goat, a lamb or a sheep; half of which was immediately seethed by his wife, and served up with cuscusoe: the rest was made kab-ab, i. e. cut into pieces and roasted, which we reserved for our breakfast or dinner next day." This affords a perfect commentary to that of Judges, vi. 19. "And Gideon went in, and made ready a kid, and unleavened cakes of an ephah of flour; the flesh he put in a basket, and he put the broth in a pot, and brought it out to him under the oak, and presented it"—PARSON'S TRAVELS IN ASIA.

THE DYING CHILD.

"Oh, mother, what brings music here!
Now listen to the song,
So soft, so sweet, so beautiful,
The night winds bear along!"

"My child, I only hear the wind,
As with a mournful sound
It wanders mid the old oak trees,
And strews their leaves around."

And dimmer grew his heavy eyes,
His face more deadly fair,
And down dropt from his infant hand
His book of infant prayer—

"I know it now, my mother dear,
That song for me is given;
It is the angels' choral hymn,
That welcomes me to heaven."

VARIETIES.

A mandarin, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old sly Bouze, who thanked him for his jewels. "What does the man mean?" cried the mandarin. "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the other, "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I don't like."

Snails and Slugs.—Common salt strewn upon the ground will kill all those who happen to touch it. Lime-water applied night and morning while they are feeding will insure a speedy riddance. Gas water is still better, if you can continue to use it without touching the plants.

Cure for Hard Times.—Cheat the doctor by being temperate; cheat the lawyer by keeping out of debt; and cheat the demagogue of whatever party, by voting for honest men.

It is a fine spectacle to see a ship's company assembled at public worship. Every feeling mind must rejoice to see the deck of a large vessel covered with her crew, in the humble attitude of devotion; surrounded by the boundless ocean, the foundation of their august temple; and the cerulean expanse of heaven, its magnificent canopy; to see them in the midst of this insatiable element, when separated from their friends, adoring the universal Friend and Father of the creation, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh on the wings of the wind, who raiseth the tempest, and saith to the raging waves, "Peace, be still."

There is a curious advertisement in circulation to the following effect:—"Wanted, immediately, a man of good character at a salary of £500 per annum, to mind his own business; and a farther sum of £500 to leave other people's alone. For farther particulars inquire of the Secretary for the Home Department."

Other sinners serve the devil for pay; but cursers and swearers are volunteers, who get nothing for their pains.

Aristhenes wondered at mankind, that in buying an earthen dish they were careful to sound it, lest it had a crack; yet so careless in choosing friends, as to take them flawed with vice. How few persons at this day would discover and apply so striking an analogy!

Mutual Help.—The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting, can refuse it without guilt.

Boileau being frequently called upon by an idle, ignorant person, who complained to him that he did not return his visits, "Sir," said the French satirist, "we are not upon equal terms: you call upon me merely to get rid of your time; when I call upon you, I lose mine."

It is gratifying to find that the consumption of British spirits has decreased in the course of last year, to the extent in England of 200,000 gallons, in Scotland of 100,000, and in Ireland of 100,000.

